

OUR TOWN

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CHURCH CALENDAR

Note: For publication on Thursday, all church notices must be received by Monday at 5 P. M. each week. Mail notice to this paper, c/o Box 350, Ardmore, Pa., or telephone Ardmore 5720 or Hilltop 3600.

NARBERTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Windsor and Grayling Ave.
Rev. Bryant M. Kirkland, Pastor
John Van Ness, D.D., Pastor Emeritus

SUNDAY

9:45 A. M.—Bible School. Children's
Day to 12:00
11:00 A. M.—Morning Worship. Sermon.
6:45 P. M.—Youth Meeting.

7:45 P. M.—Evening Worship.

ST. MARGARET'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Rev. James P. Toner, Rector
Rev. Charles P. O'Connor
Rev. Charles T. Dinan

Sunday Masses: 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10
11 A. M.—Holy Communion. 7:30, 9, 10:15.
Daily Masses: 7 and 8 A. M.

8:00 P. M.—Sodality meeting.

HOLY TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH

Woodbine and Narberth Ave.
Samuel T. Nicholas, D. D., Pastor.

SUNDAY

9:45 A. M.—Sunday School.
11:00 A. M.—Morning Worship.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST

Linwood and Althaus Aves. Ardmore

SUNDAY

11:00 A. M.—Sunday School.
11:00 A. M.—Morning Worship.
3:00 P. M.—Afternoon Service.

Day to 12:00
8:00 P. M.—Evening meeting.

Reading room at 8 Bittenhouse Place
open week-days from 9:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Wednesday from 9 to 9:45 P. M. and on Sunday from 1 to 2:45.

WYNNWOOD UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

54th Street below Wynnefield Ave.
Rev. Theodore S. Wray, Pastor

SUNDAY

10:30 A. M.—Worship.

BAPTIST CHURCH OF THE EVANGEL

Rev. Robert E. Keighton, Pastor
Narberth, Pa.

SUNDAY

9:45 A. M.—Church School.
11:00 A. M.—Morning Service.

MERION FRIENDS MEETING

Monmouth Ave. and Meeting House
Lane, Merion

SUNDAY

10 A. M.—First Day (Sunday) School.
11 A. M.—Meeting for worship.

CHURCH NOTES

Wedding Anniversary Sunday will be observed at the Narberth Presbyterian Church June 25 at 11 A. M. when all couples married by Mr. Kirkland, or under the ministry of Narberth Presbyterian Church will return for a reunion. The Clipper Club for married couples will attend as families and sit in a group.

The choir will sing the anthem "Immortal Love" by Mueller and Frederick Robb. Jr. will sing the offertory solo. "The Lord's Prayer" by Malotte.

"Marriage Is a Serious Business" will be the pastor's theme. Officers of the Clipper Club are: Skippers, Charles and Ruth Stevens; First Mate, Bill and Emeline Head; Quartermasters, Bill and Ruth Keller; Purser, Fred and Ingeborg Robb; Chaplains, Bryant and Bernice Kirkland.

Hugh Jeffries was received into membership of the church by confession of faith last Sunday morning.

The Senior C. E. will hear Mrs. L. Sarie Brown speak Sunday at 6:45 P. M. on "The Christian World Mission." Mary Alison Merkel will lead the meeting.

Miss Florence Funder announced the Junior Christian Endeavor concluded its Spring term as of June 18th.

On Tuesday, June 27, at 8, there will be a meeting at the church of all officers, teachers and workers of the church. Plans for the year Sept. 1, 1944, to August 31, 1945 will be fully discussed and important decisions will be made.

Accepts New Post Miss Marjorie Ann Russell, of Penfield, who was graduated with honors from the School of Business Administration at Drexel Institute of Technology on June 18, has accepted a position as secretary to the registrar at Drexel.

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Traveling in Convoy With Ambulance Unit; Medical Aid by Breeches Buoy

Continued from Page 1

sick a couple of times, and felt rather miserable. I kept up and going, and didn't miss any meals, however, since George, the steward, was the best treatment is to keep your stomach full and not lie down. Soon I got disgusted with the medicine and the thinking about it, so I put the pills away, forgot about it, and have felt like a million dollars ever since. The weather, since my cure, has been much rougher, and I have enjoyed every minute of it. (May I point, by the way, that there is more evidence against pills and for the Christian Science attitude).

A few words about the weather: It was calm at the beginning of the trip, then we had about a week of a very high wind, the trade wind. This blew perpetually out of the North and East and made a sweater welcome. Along with the wind came fairly high waves and lots of salt spray, but no storm, of course. For the last couple of days the sea has been like a mill pond, with only a light breeze stirring, and beautiful cloud formations, sunsets, etc. It has been really a privilege to stand watch and thus be forced to look for four hours at the sea and sky.

Traveling in convoy is necessarily slow, but I am very glad to make at least one trip this way, because it is fascinating, really. There are about as many ships, including escorts, in this convoy, as four times my age. There is a good deal of signaling back and forth among the ships. (Boy Scout stuff with flags and lights since radio is taboo) and a lot of scurrying about among the escort. It is all new and thrilling, and yet through it all it is in dead earnest. During the last few days we have had several practice alerts and boat drills, and two which were not practice. They turned out to be false alarms, fortunately, but you never can tell when a sub enemy plane will turn up. We wear Mae West life jackets practically all the time, at least, carrying them the rest. Other precautions are never to close the doors of our cabins, since they are liable to jam shut if we are torpedoed, we carry our vital papers and wallets all the time, either sleep in our clothes or have them ready to jump into at night, and have a small bag packed in case we should have time to pick it up.

It is interesting to talk to the crew members, and to hear some of their experiences. I don't believe there is a man aboard who has not been torpedoed at least once, and one boy I know has been eight times. Our first officer, a Mr. Germany by the way, was torpedoed in the Indian Ocean on his last voyage, and his ship went down in 1½ minutes. They were in the water for about an hour and then found a life raft. They had not had time to radio their position after being hit, but the sub surfaced and came alongside and asked if they had done so. When they said no, Jerry did it for them, and soon a Catalina Flying Boat picked them up. In this case the sub Commander was a sort of present day Count Von Luckner. We certainly can't give the men of the Merchant Marine too much credit, both American and British, because their's has been a really hazardous job. It is not so bad now but a year or so ago they had an extraordinarily high rate of loss. But don't worry about me because we are well conveyed, and the worst that could happen if we were hit would be loss of equipment, because there are plenty of ships to pick us up. Besides when you get this you will know that we arrived safely.

Our chief occupations aboard ship, aside from eating, sleeping, standing watch and taking naps, are reading, hearts, "The Game," bridge (four of us play of the eleven, and often one of the ship's officers will make a fourth), and deck tennis. This deck tennis is something new. Day before yesterday we made a few rings of rope, found the only small clear space of deck and set up an improvised net. We had an afternoon of good fun, only losing two rings overboard. I will have to admit that I am a little stiff, too, from it. Today it has started to rain, so no tennis till tomorrow.

It is now late afternoon, by the way. I was interrupted this morning at about eleven, and then had to go on watch from 12 till 4 P. M. During my watch it rained hard for about an hour—enough to get good and wet. Then the sun came out, and dried me out, so everything is fine. It looks like rain again now. It is surprising how many interruptions there are. Someone is always dropping in to talk, and we really can't get good fun, only losing two rings overboard. I will have to admit that I am a little stiff, too, from it. Today it has started to rain, so no tennis till tomorrow.

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We just had a most interesting event aboard, so I will have to write you a postscript and tell you all about it. One of our men, Herb Meris, has been suffering from a cold sore, catch, etc., for the last week, and has not responded to the ministrations of the steward, our amateur physician. This morning, therefore, we signalled one of the escort and asked for medical advice. They made some suggestions, but this afternoon at 4:30 he was no better. The escort vessel, a destroyer escort, of the U. S. Coast Guard, therefore decided that they had better take Herb aboard their ship where the doctor could see him. This was accomplished this evening, and was one of the most interesting things so far in the trip.

First of all the destroyer came alongside us and a throtled down until they were abreast of just the same place where we were. We, of course, did not slow down nor lose our position. They were two or three hundred feet away, and moving right along beside us. You could see the American sailors all along the side of their vessel—it seemed to be black with them—and it was pretty nice to see Americans again, too.

Next they fired a small line over to us, with a special gun. Then we pulled over a larger rope with the small line, and finally a two inch cable with the rope. Then we made fast the cable to the top of our mast, and sent a breeches-buoy across on a pulley on the cable. There was a rope attached to the breeches-buoy, so we could pull it over to us, and they had one attached from the destroyer so they could pull it back. All we had to do, then, was load Herb into the breeches-buoy, which are like short pants, and swing him over the side. The Americans then pulled him across, and before you could say Pork Chop he was probably in bed being attended by the doctor.

It sounds easy, but anyone of a thousand things could have happened: For example, the boats had to be kept even, and not swing closer together or he would have been dipped in the water, and everything had to be timed perfectly. To make it more difficult, it was raining hard, and the sea was not so calm as it has been for the past day or two. It certainly made us proud of the way the Coast Guard did the job, and also of the way our English sailors did their part on our ship.

In typical American fashion someone aboard the destroyer was photographing the whole event with flash bulbs, and we expected a Life reporter to interview us any minute. Seriously, you might see the pictures somewhere, and it would be dandy publicity for the AFS if they were published.

One of our men, Bob Glasser, is a born clown. He is 40 years old, a politician from Chicago, looks, dresses and acts like Ed Wynn. After the transfer he was marching up and down the deck imitating a full military band playing Columbia, Gem of the Ocean and shouting "Those Are Our Boys—God Bless America." It's a good thing some of the English have a sense of humor. I suppose it's bad enough for us to come on board and practically eat them out of house and home.

Graduates Hayden M. West, of 23 Mill Road, Brookline, graduated from the Field Service Medical School at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, as a first lieutenant.

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3 FREE SUNDAY CONCERTS
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KNOW YOUR STATE

When we receive reports of the thousands of tons of bombs dropped by our great airplanes over the cities of Germany it is interesting to reflect that the frail wings of Pennsylvania's bees transport every Summer thousands of tons of honey from the blossoms of our fields into the hives of Pennsylvania farms.

There are two kinds of honey particularly popular in the Commonwealth—the golden blond or clover honey and the dark brunette or buckwheat honey. Each of these types of sweet has its own delicate flavor and its own medicinal value. There is also that mellow tulip honey for which the bees reach high into the swaying branches of our soaring poplar trees. All varieties of honey, however, lend sweetness to the cakes of buckwheat honey which formed the desserts for the table of Lucullus.

The honey of Hybla or Hymettus, was famed throughout the ancient world and extolled by Homer as the only human food comparable to the nectar of the gods. It was not, however, more delicious than either the blond or brunette varieties produced to a total of 6,256,000 pounds last year by Pennsylvania's bees. In Bedford, Crawford, Erie, Tioga, and Butler, Northampton, and many of our other counties whose buckwheat production leads the United States and whose fruit and clover supply the nectar for nearly 200,000 Pennsylvania hives.

LT. COL. REESE

Continued from Page 1

federate veteran of the Civil War. His great grandfather, General Baker, was killed in the battle of Monterey, while serving on the staff of General Winfield Scott during the Mexican War.

Col. Reese was educated at Mahoney City High School, Pennsylvania State College and Cambridge University, England. He served two years in the last war holding the rank of captain and major.

On February 26, 1939, he received the Military Order of the Purple Heart, a decoration conferred upon soldiers wounded in combat. He is also holder of the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery under fire.

Col. Reese was a past commander of Bullock-Sanderson American Legion Post, Ardmore, and he joined the Merion American Legion Post.

He was at one time commander of the Ninth District of the American Legion in Montgomery and Bucks Counties.

During the last war Col. Reese saw action in the Aisne defensive, Champagne-Marne defensive, Oise Marne offensive, Marne sector, Saint Mihiel and Argonne. He was wounded at Jaulgonne on July 28, 1918.

In World War I, Col. Reese entered the Reserve Officers Training Corps on August 21, 1917. He was commissioned a first lieutenant of the infantry on November 27, 1917, and he served as a platoon commander, company

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2 Students Awarded Medals By Legion

Americans' Medals were presented to Dorothy Ann James, Ninth Grade Student and Marion Hollingsworth, Eighth Grade student of Haverford Township Junior High School at the meeting held Thursday evening in the Legion Dug-Out. The presentation was made by Mrs. David Beattie, Americanism chairman.

Mrs. Beattie also asked for a boy and girl volunteer to serve as counselor at Camp Sunshine for three weeks this Summer. She also stated that a piano was needed for the camp.

The Unit will hold a car party in the Dug-Out, Grasslyn and Ralston Aves., Oakmont, Friday evening at 8:00, under the direction of Mrs. Walter Kowal.

During the social hour a monologue was given by Phyllis Webb and Jean Kortenhof played selections on the French horn accompanied by Miss Hebb.

Elected President

Miss Patricia Orling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Svante Orling, of 631 Merion Ave., Penfield, has been elected president of the Senior Women's Class of Cornell University.

Miss Orling is the president of the Raven and Serpent, which is the Junior Honorary Society and she was instrumental in organizing the Cornell College Unit of the American Red Cross, one of the first colleges to obtain a Red Cross certificate. Miss Orling will graduate in February.

MAGICIANS—Perform breakfast magic with new cereal combination—Post's Raisin Bran, Golden wheat and bran flakes PLUS seedless raisins. It's new.—Advt.

Baseball League To Have Dance

The first annual dance of the Main Line Junior Baseball League is being held at the Club Del Rio this Friday evening, June 23 from 9 to 1. Music will be by the Star Dusters.

With all six teams in the League busily selling tickets, and with tickets available at the door, it is expected that a good crowd will be on hand for the evening. Many of the stores in the local communities have helped the League and also the service men stationed nearby by purchasing tickets with the request that they be given to the servicemen.

The proceeds are to go for the support and furtherance of the Junior Baseball League.

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COCKTAIL HOURS 3

Lower Merion's First Principal Tells of the School's Early Days

When Lower Merion High School played the Peddie School in football last fall, George H. Gilbert, principal of L. M., discovered that Charles E. Overholser, first principal at Lower Merion, is now a member of the Peddie faculty. He asked Mr. Overholser to write some of his recollections of those early years. The following article is Mr. Overholser's reply.

It was in September, 1893, that the writer came to Bryn Mawr to be the principal of the Bryn Mawr Grammar School. Mr. J. I. Robb, Superintendent of Schools, had engaged me, a mere stripling of 21, a normal school graduate, to assume that responsible position. In the course of that year an idea was born; Mr. Robb had a dream of the high school that was to be and that now is the Lower Merion High School.

Now this was a long time ago. Mark Twain says somewhere that when the histories will be written 4,000 years from now, they will say that the battle of the opposing forces at the Siege of Troy; well, 50 years is not 4,000 years, but even in 50 years the gray mist of time observes the clear outline of events that once were dazzling. I must be observed, too, that everyone remembers best his own experiences. Consequently, this article will be very largely about myself. That's unfortunate, but can't help it. Why? A fire destroyed all the early records of the school.

In September, 1894, the Lower Merion High School was organized, using the Ardmore school building on Ardmore Avenue. The original staff comprised the following: Mr. J. I. Robb, history and physics; Miss Mary Pryor, mathematics; Miss Ella J. Mather, English; Mr. Charles E. Overholser, principal and teacher of Latin and German. The school went along in this set-up for a year. During the following year, the school principal was taken by Mr. Clarence Bausman, while I continued my education at Franklin and Marshall College and at Harvard University. I know scarcely anything about the school during this interval, except that Superintendent Robb and the original staff of teachers continued with some additions to the faculty. In September, 1900, I was again appointed principal and remained in that capacity until February, 1905.

When I came back to the school in 1900, it had developed into a highly organized school; there was a special teacher of drawing, Miss Alice, Jerry March came over from Norristown once a week to inspire the pupils with magnetic leadership in music. I recall the high spot in his work; it was the rendition of the "Inflammation Chorus" in the Stabat Mater by the pupils in the Stabat Mater. This ambitious project was carried out successfully. I think it must have been given at one of our commencement exercises. I recall the principal and the principal of the Bureau of Standards in Washington taught some mathematics and had charge of the sciences. Miss Helen Huebener taught French, Miss Mather and Miss Pryor continued as in the first year of organization.

My work was very arduous (though delightful) during this five-year period. I taught my classes in the assembly hall, where I had charge of discipline as well. During my last year my program was as follows: Latin and German to boys and girls preparing for the University of Pennsylvania; American history to the senior class; political economy and commercial law twice a week to seniors; mental arithmetic several times a week; physical training for the boys twice a week in the gymnasium on the top floor. In addition to all this I had the various duties that devolve upon a principal. The enrollment at that time was about 150.

My work in the preparation of girls for Bryn Mawr College was the most delightful work in all my teaching experience. In Virgil we read more than the usual six books; in Cicero, Marcellus Archias and the Manilian Law in addition to the four Catiline orations. In German we read such difficult works as Schoenfeld's "Historical Prose" now out of print and Freytag's "Aus dem Staate Friedrichs des Grossen." If you don't believe "Aus dem Staate" is difficult, try it some time. The combination was perfect. There was a young teacher, hustling to keep ahead of his classes, and girls interesting and interested, struggling to meet college requirements. Among them I remember particularly Miriam Ristine and Edith Powell. If they should happen to read this, I want them to accept my belated tribute to their charming personality and their conscientious devotion to study. Among the boys there was Walter Croft, whose sense of humor was a continual delight to me. He became a distinguished physician in Pittsburgh.

During the last year or two of my principalship Mr. Robb was longer connected with the Lower Merion school system. He had accepted a position as teacher of history in the Northeast High School, Philadelphia. In passing, I want to acknowledge the deep gratitude to Mr. Robb. He did a great deal for me by putting responsibilities on my shoulders and by helping me with his friendship and guidance carry those responsibilities. Up to the time of his death a few years ago he never failed to have a chat with me over old times whenever he came to New York. His interest in Lower Merion was deep and abiding to the last. It is my firm conviction that the schools of Lower Merion in their early years were more to Mr. Robb than to any other dozen men.

Other teachers connected with the high school in those years were Miss Snyder, languages; Mr. Huntington, mathematics; and John D. Spear, sciences. During my last year at Lower Merion, the High School faculty and students of the school, assisted by public-spirited patrons (a Mrs. Blackall among them) held a successful bazaar. The purpose was, I think, the purchase of athletic equipment. In spite of inclement weather, a severe blizzard, a sizable sum of money was realized—several hundred dollars as I remember. It was a costume bazaar, the ladies had

TANK DESTROYER

Continued from Page 1

mile and almost never miss. They're anxious to get at it and get it over with and get back home.

They know it won't be easy on the other side. They're living rough now but they know it will be lots rougher pretty soon.

As they say, the show is bad here compared to what it was in America, but they don't complain too much because they know it's going to get worse.

They know they'll be on C and K rations, and they've had experience with them on maneuvers. But when I spoke of our best ration—the 10-in-1 field ration—they had never heard of it.

They have been working hard since they hit England. They've made long night trips and done a lot of practice firing and sometimes they have to work as late as 10 o'clock at night.

When I saw them they were making preparations for moving overseas. It takes a lot of work to get your equipment ready for an amphibious move. They've worked so hard they haven't had time to get bored. There are some American outfits that have been here for two years without action, and there are Canadians who have been marching up and down for four years. How they've kept from going nuts is beyond me.

The commander of the tank-destroyer battalion I have been visiting is Lieut. Col. Joseph Deley of Sheboygan Falls, Wis. He used to run a wool-carding mill there. I like his attitude toward things.

When I first showed up he was perfectly courteous but he made plenty sure I had proper credentials and what not. As he said, they have had plenty of security preached into them back home, and this indeed is a critical period and he isn't taking any chances.

But once he had assured himself I was all right he called in his sergeants and told them to go around and tell their men they were perfectly free to show me any and all equipment they had and talk to me as freely as they wanted to.

As I told him later I don't think he needs any bothering. For these boys, approaching war for the first time, pumped me so thoroughly on what war is like that I hardly got a chance to ask any questions of them. Maybe I'll have to write some security regulations of my own. Who the devil is reporting this war, anyway?

One company commander, Capt. Charles Harding, of Olmsted Falls, near Cleveland, had just had a letter from home telling him to keep an eye out for me. He figured that in a war this big our paths would never cross, but they did.

Another Ohioan came up and introduced himself. This was Pfc. James Francis McCloy of 6711 Guthrie Street, Cleveland. McCloy is what is aptly known in the battalion as a "charmer." He used to be a prize fighter. Being in the horny-handed world of pugilists, he has a great affinity for apes. There's an almost human ape at the zoo in a nearby city which McCloy goes to see every time he gets a pass. He calls him "Alfred the Ape," and says he sure wishes he could take him back to Cleveland.

McCloy is one of those guys who Clevelanders call "chaps," which made bicycles. When I asked him what he did he said, "Oh, I was just a hoo knocker." You can kid lots with McCloy. When I went to write down his name I put "Sergeant" in front of it, and he said, "No, no, I'd never get to be a sergeant if the war lasted 50 years."

So, I said, "Well, 'Corporal' then." But he said, "No, I ain't even got sense enough to be a corporal."

So I said, "Well, we simply can't have you a private. What would the McCloy's of the world think with you only a private?"

So we compromised and made him a pfc.

McCloy is one of those guys who are good for the morale of an outfit. He is always doing or saying something funny. And he is a good soldier. He is one of the kind who are fanatically loyal.

He has a great affection for his company commander, Capt. John Jay Kennedy of 15 Wandale Road, Rosindale, Mass. Once when some gasoline caught fire McCloy threw himself on the captain and knocked him out of the way, saving him from serious injury. Another time when Captain Kennedy's mother was very ill McCloy took the last money he had and telegraphed home to his own parish to have a mass said for the captain's mother.

LIFE WITH THE TANK DESTROYER UNITS

English dogs have begun to attach themselves to the tank-destroyer boys, as they do to any

NARBERTH SCHOOL NEWS

The Honor Roll students of the Narberth Public School for the sixth, seventh and eighth grades were announced at the final assembly held June 14. They are:

Sixth grade first honors: Barbara Trimm, Skippy Thaw, Dieder Patten, Tom Lillis, Diane Klugman, Jane Drennen and Evelyn Cain. Second honors: Mary Triplican, Bob Snyder, Connie Schenberger, Carol Lee Rollins, Patsy Rainey, Betty Jane Fischer, Barbara Eby, Jean Dickey and Kathryn Blum.

Seventh grade first honors: Bill Wiland, Janet Stewart, Doty Sent, Ann O'Brien, Ralph Meachan, Janice Jacobson, Nancy Hunsicker, Rosemary Garman, Virginia Basier and Hugh Annett. Second honors: Larry Warner, Barbara Stoops, Phyllis Mariani, Harry Graham, Betty Cullen, Bill Claphansen and Ralph Blessing.

Eighth grade first honors: Libby Ridenour, Louise Furring, Booth Mattson, Bill Lillis, Alan Kirk and Marian Jones. Second honors: Louise Watts, David Stephens, Margaret Robb, Jean Ridge, Joseph Hutton, Francis Henderson, John Daback, Carol Clark and Mary Merkle.

The major awards were given as follows: American Legion Award to Alan Kirk and Marion Jones by Reginald Rollins, Commander of Harold Speakman Legion Post; Nellie M. Wetherill Award to Margaret Robb and John Daback by Mrs. Russell Basier, Past President of the Narberth Parent Teachers Association.

The D. A. R. Prize in History to Booth Mattson, by Mrs. Arley Farmer, chairman of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education; D. A. R. Citizenship Medals to Louise Furring and Joseph Hutton, by Mrs. Arley Farmer. Music Award to Katherine Blum by W. J. Drennen.

Mary L. Hoover Faculty Award in Mathematics to Bill Lillis, by W. J. Drennen. Sara E. Hovk Faculty Prize in English to Marion Jones by W. J. Drennen.

School Merit and Civic Awards to the following: Sixth Grade: Katherine Blum, Evelyn Cain, Jane Drennen, Barbara Eby, Diane Klugman, Betty Jane Meakle, Tom Lillis and Charles Thaw.

Seventh Grade: Rosemary Gorman, Nancy Hunsicker, Janice Jacobson, Ann O'Brien, Dorothy Sent, Janet Stewart, Hugh Annett, Ralph Blessing and Bill Weiland.

Eighth Grade: Carol Clark, Marian Jones, Louise Furring, Margaret Robb, Libby Ridenour, Jean Ridge, June Schrepper, Louise Watts, Dick Blessing, John Babcock, Alan Kirk, Bill Lillis and Booth Mattson.

The campaign which started January 15, for \$15,000, to cover the cost of a Fairchild Training Airplane, was successfully completed on the last day of the campaign, June 12. Total sales for the year amounted to \$30,721. The June 12 sale of stamps and bonds was \$5,192.

and all camps of soldiers. These boys haven't actually adopted any of them as individual pets, because they can't take them along to the Continent. They say that the states they had a number of pigs for pets. In that case you should have your pet and eat it too.

The top commanders who have toiled and slaved for months planning the second day of self-protection work and responsibility. Thousands of men of high rank have labored endlessly. They are up early, they work all day, and they just get back to work far into the night. Seldom can you get one of them to take a day off.

WEDDINGS

Maxwell-Mallery

The marriage of Miss Anne Mallery, daughter of Mrs. Nelson Blackstone Mallery, of Narberth, to Corporal Ted Bruner Maxwell, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maxwell, of the Cambridge, Alden Park, Germantown, took place at 6 o'clock Saturday evening, June 17, in All Saints' Church, Wynne-wood. Rev. Gibson Bell officiated. The bride was given away by her uncle, Lee E. Staples, of Baltimore, and was attended by Miss Patricia Johnson, who was maid of honor, Miss Elizabeth Clader, and Miss Marion Staples, of Baltimore.

YOURS FOR SUMMER

For "big" little evenings with "him"! Print dress with bare neckline, brief (or long) sleeves—wonderful for dinner-dancing.

\$10.95 to \$18.95
Sizes 9 to 20—18½ to 24½

A SPECIAL LOT OF
DRESSES & SUITS—\$7.00

Town & Country Shop

Grace W. Meyer No. 1 Cricket Ave., ARDMORE
Open Friday & Saturday Evenings

"Biggest crop we've ever had"

There are thousands and thousands of Long Distance calls every day. Three, five and ten times as many between some cities as before the war.

When your Long Distance call is on war-crowded circuits, the operator may ask you to "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

That's especially important these days when wires are needed for the war.



THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

eral anesthesia. By breathing vapors into the lungs.

By injection into the veins.

By spinal injection.

General anesthesia also includes administration by rectum.

Cryomesthesia is done by packing an arm or leg in ice.

Refrigeration anesthesia causes less shock and infection.

This is used in poor risks for other types of anesthesia.

Anesthesia means the absence of feeling or sensation.

It is one of the great booms to mankind.

The Bible mentions sunstroke in the Book of Kings.

There are three forms of reaction to heat stress.

Reactions include heat cramps, heat exhaustion, and sunstroke.

Heat cramps is the least serious and most common.

Chief cause of heat cramps is loss of salt in the body.

This loss of salt is due to excessive sweating.

Susceptibility to heat cramps varies with individuals.

Treatment of heat cramps calls for replacement of lost salt.

Preventive measures have reduced the cases of heat cramps.

Best preventive measure in maintaining fluid in the body.

Salt tablets for workers insure correct salt balance.

Workers can be aided by proper working and living conditions.

Worry is said to have killed more people than war.

Worry is the most frustrating reaction of the human mind.

It is described as great care, anxiety, fear, and fretting.

Nervous energy is expended un-

productively. Worry does not solve one's problem. It leads to confusion, fatigue, and emotional upset.

Peace of mind is necessary for efficiency.

Individuals differ greatly in nervous stability.

Worriers squander their energy reserve and are tired.

Man cannot escape from himself or his problems.

Some try, injudicious use of liquor or narcotics.

Better try a restful sleep, a vacation, or a hobby.

The ancients gave the name "cataract" to the eye disorder.

They thought a film flowed down over the eyeball.

A cataract is not a film in front of the eye.

It is a clouding of the lens that lies inside the eye.

The only cure for a cataract is operation.

The operation is not dangerous, but requires skill.

When the cataract is removed, special glasses must be worn.

Glasses take the place of the natural eye lens.

Most persons delay this operation until almost blind.

It can be performed soon after

LOST—An opportunity, if you don't rush right out and buy your family the new breakfast treat, Post's Raisin Bran. Deliciously satisfying. Ask your grocer.—Adv.

WHY NOT USE OUR FACILITIES?

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MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

HEADQUARTERS for



All Medical Needs

J. PAUL SHEA Pharmacy

At Narberth Station Narberth 2838-2839

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Drink up, Everybody

... HIGH TIDE IN NATURE'S MOST PRECIOUS FOOD MAY NOT LAST MUCH LONGER

ONE of the most amazing paradoxes in the whole war period. Milk—the priceless food for which whole nations are hungry—is here actually at flood-tide for a few weeks. So finely have our farmers and producers responded to the emergency—built up their herds and bred and fed them scientifically in spite of problems and shortages—that for the period of peak production there is more than enough. And milk is perishable. Plants processing this milk for war needs are flooded to capacity every day. There is one best place for the remainder—in extra health, war energy, and stored stamina—for your community and family. So, drink up, everybody! Your government has temporarily relaxed all restrictions. There's more milk—cream—chocolate milk—cottage cheese and buttermilk for YOU than for many months. (And possibly more than you will see again 'til after Victory.) Enjoy it now—and while you're enjoying it, remember that this welcome bonus in time of war makes us the most privileged people in the world today.

ASK your Supply milk man or woman for your EXTRA quart of Sealtest Milk and Cream today... or ask for them at your neighborhood store.

* BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *

SUPPLIEE

Sealtest PRODUCTS CORP.

• SUPPLIEE brings you the *Saturday SHOW* over KTW, Thursdays at 9:30 P.M. TUNE IN.

JUNE IS DAIRY MONTH. HOMOGENIZED VITAMIN D MILK

The Fourth of '44

Will be a three day holiday. Call us early for your requirements. We will be closed July 1st, 3rd and 4th. Open as usual this Sat. until 12 o'clock.

Shull Lumber Company

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